

FREE GHOSTBUSTER™ VINYL BADGE

MARVEL
7th Oct 89

THE REAL

№69 40p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™





Strike a light! It's issue sixty-nine of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** Have we got a good issue for you this week! No, that wasn't a question, we have got a good issue for you this week! You may have been thinking to yourself that the wax had waned, but no, we have for you a real scorcher of a story in the guise of **Wax Weirdness!** Talking of birthday cakes, there's a pizza problem of *gastronomic* proportions in **HQ or Bust!** Food is also the order of the day when our loveable bustling foursome have a very expensive lunch after a training session in **Spooked Out!**

Oh, the excitement of it! Have you seen the fabulous **VINYL BADGE** which is so elegantly furnishing the cover of this comic? Wear your badge with pride! Also, have you been collecting your tokens since issue 67? Well, next week sees the final part of a wonderful **COMPETITION**, in which you can win story-books, Ghostly Make-Up Kits, a Rubber Slimer Mask and a Ghostbusters Rough Rider amongst other goodies! So make sure you get issue seventy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS:** this is one to really watch out for!

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD**
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Assistant Editor **PERI GODBOLD**
Spiritual Guide **DAN ABNETT**

Apologies to those of you who were upset to see part three of the **ZODIAC TOYS COMPETITION** repeated in issue sixty-three. This was most unscientific. It doesn't usually happen!



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



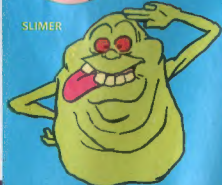
RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ

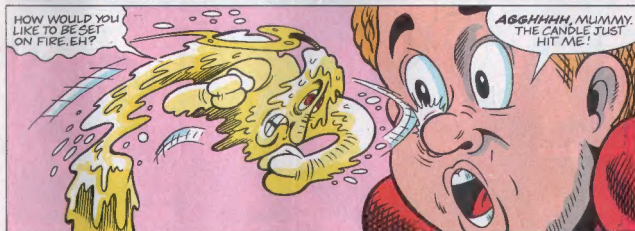


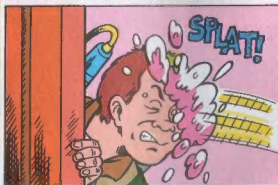
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

WAX WEIRDNESS!

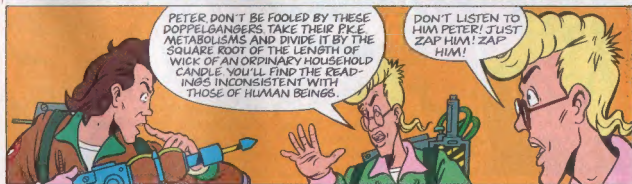
SOMEWHERE IN THE METROPOLIS...

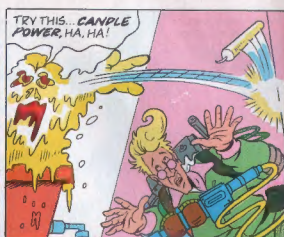
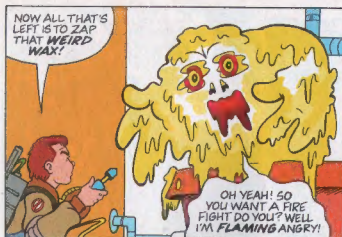












SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

This week, I have drawn up a few key facts about the ghost/food equations.

Bad Taste

The eighth century scholar Chablonix first pointed up the link in his famous treatise *Ghostly Things and why They Eat a Lot*. Chablonix described an encounter he had had in the almshouse of a monastery in Warwickshire, when three Class four Free-roaming Avid Consumers attacked the place. These particular Class fours are gremlin-based and take the form of drooling pink mouths about the size of an Airedale

free-floating around the room. It goes without saying that, of course, the mouths have great big pointy teeth in them. Chablonix takes up the tale: "... thenn, as withe some wynd that bleweth fram Heyll itself, grate mouths thrice cometh unto the granary and the almshouse, and withe their teeth—so bigge and pointe!—they digesteth all that was to be founden wythin those playces. Nothinge was left thenn, no grain of wheat, no specke of flour and no sausages. And I was particularly looking forward to those sausages..." Chablonix concludes that ghosts connect food with something that keeps you alive and eat obsessively in the hope that they will return to the land of the living.



PART 69

Recipe for Destruction

The sixteenth century adventurer, Sir Walter Bleet, wrote a chapter in his autobiography *A Man, A Boat and A Stupid Name: the Life and Times of Walter Bleet* about an occasion in Arabia when he was captured by an ogreish demon spirit with a voracious appetite who demanded that Bleet should cook himself so that the demon could eat him. Playing along, Bleet went into an elaborate recipe to mislead the monster. He wrote "... first oil a saucepan of suitable volume (stand in it to check the size), bring some stock up to simmer on mark four or five. Chop in carrots, onions, chillis, Cardamom pods and root ginger. Then add nineteen whole garlic

GUIDE

bulbs, a pound and a half of nutmeg and just a bucket or so more chilli just to taste..." Try that before I hop in, Bleet told the ogre, whose mouth was watering by now. The ogre did, took a big gulp, went red in the face and began to tremble. The subsequent explosion could be heard in Scotland.

Meals on Whales

Fisherman Jordy Mayhap was once carried out to sea on the back of a massive spectral humpback whale that had been terrorising the coast for months. All Jordy had with him was the pepper pot from his packed lunch, and this he dropped down the blow-hole of the beast. When he sneezed, the humpback blew himself into his component ectoplasmic atoms, and when Jordy was picked up by a passing merchant ship some days later, he was still fine: he'd clung on to a piece of driftwood and survived by eating whalemeat.

Healthy Appetite

Lonny Scott once invited a guy to dinner who turned out to be a spook. Scott only discovered this when, having finished his serving of food, the spook happily went on biting the heads off the cutlery just to keep himself going. Scott only had one friend who did that, and since he was in an institution, Scott quickly rumbled the truth.

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Dare you read on?



ghastly and hideous things can very often take place when desperation worms it's way into the human mind! It is sometimes due to desperation that a murder takes place!

Seldom has there been a story so hideous and gruesome as this tale of murder which is related here on this page...

The story began with an innkeeper named Lazio Kronberg and his wife, Susi, who owned an inn in the little Hungarian town of Tisakurt. The year was 1919 and times were very hard. The ravages of the Great War had made survival difficult. Food shortage was not the only problem for the Kronbergs, either. Two of their sons had died in the war, their only daughter had run away and so had their eldest son Nicholas, after Lazio

had punished him for failing at school.

As life became an increasingly desperate struggle, the couple came to a decision... they would have to commit murder for profit!

Painstakingly, they prepared themselves, making sure that they had an alibi for their gruesome preparations. Lazio dug a trench six feet deep in the nearby woods and filled it with quicklime (supposedly the start of some new out-buildings). Then, Susi purchased a lethal bag of strychnine, which she claimed was going to be used for poisoning marauding wolves.

Visitors to the inn were thus wined and dined in splendid style, the extra ingredient being the strychnine in their wine. Over the following three years ten people were to perish, their valuables stolen by the wicked duo!

The final victim of the

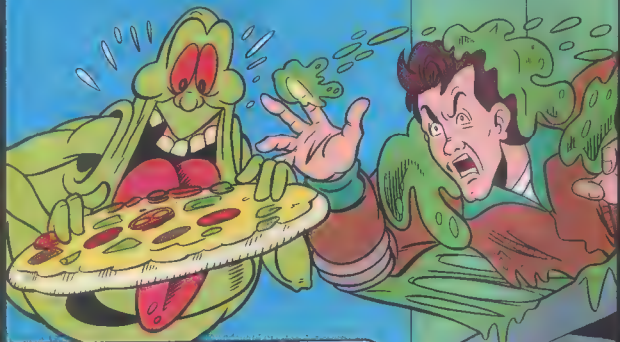
Kronbergs arrived at the inn on the fatal day of August 14, 1922. He was a travelling salesman looking for land in which to invest his money and it was clear to the murderers that he had some considerable wealth with him. The man was so friendly, however, that the couple thought twice before proceeding with their usual deadly meal. They did, all the same, however!


Having thus poisoned their amicable customer, they searched his bags. Apart from a large amount of gold coins, they found something else... a snapshot of the Kronbergs themselves! The man was their long-lost son! Overcome with remorse, they wrote a confession and poisoned themselves, leaving thirteen deadly apparitions to haunt the doomed inn!



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON LEEDMORI



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Saturday, September 30th, 1980

Eating pizza is just one of many skills we've had to develop in our war against the paranormal. You may say this is because we don't have time to sit down at a table and eat a proper meal at proper times. We have to eat out because we're always on the run, you'll say. Actually you're wrong. I well remember the time that Ray cooked apple turnovers for us. The fact that even Slimer was turning over after we'd eaten them has nothing to do with the amount of eating out we do!

Anyway, something got to hear about our love of pizza and started to haunt local pizza houses. By the time we'd busted one spook, another one was wreaking havoc in another pizza house down the block.

Things were getting bad – we couldn't catch the ghost behind the trouble, and the pizza house managers got together and banned us from eating in their restaurants. "You can't blame us for this!" shouted Peter, when Mr Tagliatelle, one of the managers, came along to Ghostbusters HQ to announce the decision. "Oh, no?" he said, smiling. "Hey, we've been busting the spooks in your restaurants," I put in.

"Hey, I know this," replied Tagliatelle. "I also know that every spook you've busted has shouted, 'This is all the Ghostbusters fault!' just before he eats all the pizza mix and sprays slime over all the tables – and the customers!" "Hmm. I think you have us on that one," said Egon.

"We are fair men," protested Mr Tagliatelle. "But these ghosts are going to put all our pizza houses out of business if we let you eat there. If you can't stop them – NO PIZZA!"

With that bombshell, he left. I distinctly heard a ghastly cackle at that moment, like someone had just scraped a knife across a plate backwards. "This," said

Peter, flopping down into Janine's chair in the reception area, "Is a major disaster."

"A tragedy," agreed Egon.

"A nightmare," I added.

"We could always make our own pizzas," suggested Ray, brightly.

"I've got this great recipe my aunt sent me..."

"Anything but that!" snapped Peter, leaping out of the seat and heading upstairs for the kitchen. "I'll make the pizzas!"

That took us all by surprise (Peter too, probably). Slimer licked his lips with delight. It was rare for anyone to cook anything in the Ghostbusters' HQ kitchen – with Slimer around, you needed armed guards to keep all the ingredients safe. Even more of a surprise was that Peter had offered to make the pizzas. I know he's a good cook but he doesn't offer to cook for us all very often. Things were obviously desperate for Peter to start being helpful!

Well, I went out on a bust with Egon (a giant screwdriver running amok in a hardware store, nothing difficult) and by the time we came back, HQ was full of delicious smells, the sort that make you want to eat something else before the things that are being cooked. Janine looked angry. "I pop up to Soho to catch an art exhibition and when I come back Peter's running amok in the kitchen!" she squealed. "Do you know how much it cost us to clean the place the last time he tried to cook in there?"

"That was hardly Peter's fault," I pointed out, "Slimer made the mess."

"You see that he keeps it all tidy," Janine muttered, picking up a report sheet and angrily ramming it into her typewriter. "Peter in the kitchen indeed – it's obscene!"

Upstairs, the cooking smells were even better. We didn't even bother to take off our Proton Packs (which was lucky), we just wanted to taste the pizza as soon as

possible. "Soon be ready", Peter said, standing by the oven. "Who needs Pizza House when you have me on the staff?" "Where's Slimer?" I asked.



"He started gibbering nonsense about ecto-pizza," Peter growled. "I told him to go away or I'd find a nice Ghost Trap for him."

"Hmm . . . strange," said Egon, "That doesn't sound like the Slimer we know . . ."

"Ray's gone off in a sulk," grinned Peter, as he switched off the oven, whipped on a pair of oven gloves and opened the oven door. "It must have been my comments about apple turnover that did it – YAAAAGH!"

The 'Yaaaagh!' wasn't because Peter had burnt himself – he'd been sensible about using the oven. The 'Yaaaagh' followed by 'Slimer, don't you DARE!' was brought on by our greedy green friend exploding from the back of the oven, gibbering loudly and flying off with the delicious-looking pizzas Peter had just cooked. "After him!" shouted Peter.

"Nobegoodeeepizzara!" wailed Slimer, flying out of the HQ window with Peter waving angrily at him as he went. Suddenly, I heard Egon's PKE Meter, go

off like an early morning alarm call.

"Poltergeist!" shouted Egon.

"Proton Guns!" I shouted back, just as the wall of the kitchen started to glow a horrid, lurid red with black spheres that looked suspiciously like olives. Then Peter was engulfed in ectoplasmic mutated pizza mix! "Yaaaagh!" he shouted again. "Do something!"

"I AM THE GHOST OF PIZZAS PAST!" groaned the pizza mix, "I AM YOUR DOOM, GHOSTBUSTERS, IF YOU DO NOT RELEASE MY FRIENDS FROM YOUR ECTO-UNIT!"

"It's lying," said Egon, checking the PKE levels, "It's a simple Class one poltergeist with delusions of grandeur."

"Blast it!" shouted Peter, bursting free of the mix.

I blasted it. "Yaaaagh!" went the pizza mix as it disappeared into the Ghost Trap Egon shoved under it. "Goodeeegood!" giggled Slimer, clapping his hands with delight.

"I think that takes care of our Pizza House pest," said Egon.

"Slimer must have spotted the poltergeist, but Peter didn't."

"Hey, when you've got your hands full of pizza mix, there's no time for ghost-watching," Peter sniffed.

"Or time for cleaning up, either!" stormed Janine, who'd come upstairs.

"Look at all this mess!" There was pizza, flour and tomato puree everywhere.

"Get it cleared up fast," she added, "Or there'll be hell to pay!"

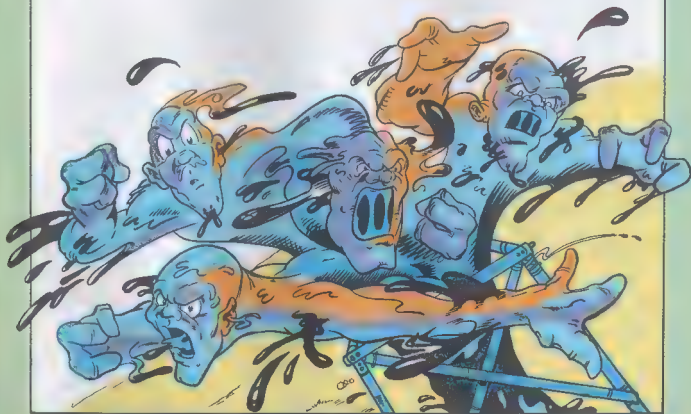
I thought we'd just escaped that one. Well, at least we could eat at the Pizza Houses again but it was a shame we never found out exactly what Peter's pizzas were like. Slimer agrees with me about that!



PETRO-PLASMS

These oily ectoplasmic entities made an appearance in the good ol' state of Texas. Where else? This is the exact place, of course, in which prospective drillers are likely to find themselves an oil-strike, and this is precisely what a pair of cowboys named R.S. and G.W. did. The only trouble with this was that when they eventually did hit the jackpot, they were confronted by these Petroleum Spirits, who made a potentially outrageous claim along the lines of 'bust us and there'll be no oil for you, matey boy'.

Anyway, the promise of free oil for life seemed to be too much of a good proposition for all concerned and, of course, Egon rather relished the thought of being able to study the spirits in their natural environment. He will have to burn the midnight oil a bit longer, however, before the report will be ready for publication.



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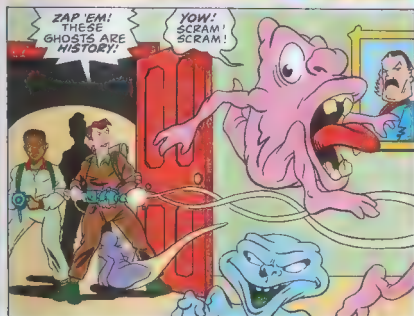
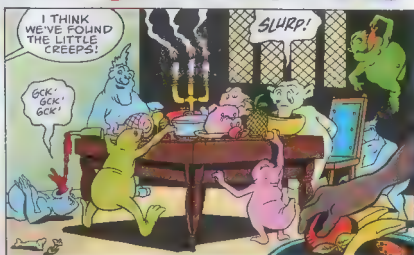
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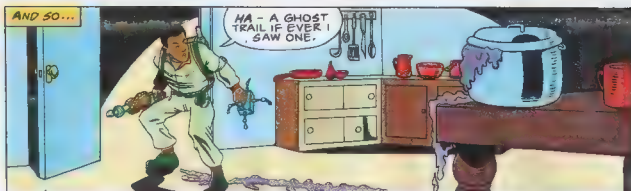


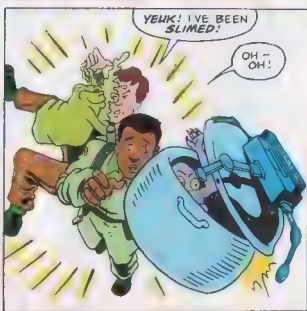
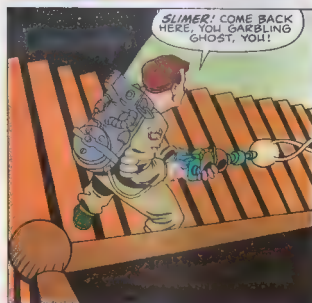
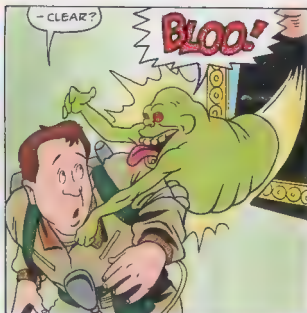
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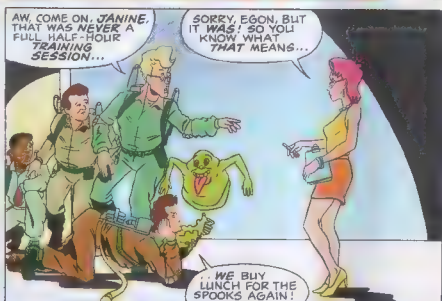
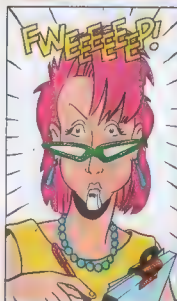
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Story JOHN FREEMAN Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering ZED Colouring HELEN STONE









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Why do we plant bulbs in the garden?
So that the worms can see where they're going!
— Ricky Nelson

How do you flatten a ghost?
With a spirit level!
— David Swallow

What is Dracula's favourite meal?
Breakfast in bed!
— Mark Wilkie, Hitchin

What do young ghosts play in the garden?
Haunt and seek!
— Sharon Bowers, Dorset

What did the hippy ghost say to the invisible ghost?
You're out of sight, man!
— Alec Tranter, Eaglescliffe

What does a dog like to say before it has a meal?
Bone appetit!
— Matthew Roberts, Belgium

GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yo! How are things with you Ghostbusters' fans out there. Have you seen any good ghosts lately. If so, why not write in and tell uncle Pete about it!

Dear Peter. . .

Please can you answer these questions?

1. What is next door to the Ghostbusters' HQ?
 2. Why doesn't Egon get himself some contact lenses? He would look much more handsome.
 3. Why don't you build a Proton Gun without a back pack and with a P.K.E. meter and trap built in?
- Liam Pearce, Southampton

1. The old fire station is situated in downtown New York amongst a whole heap of seedy office buildings and weird-looking places. 2. Egon did once try out some contact lenses, but he didn't feel at home with them. He's so used to wearing his face furniture! 3. Nice idea, but not practical.

I have some questions for you:

1. What would happen if Slimer swallowed a lighted candle?
 2. Have you ever caught a lady ghost?
 3. Can ghosts be killed?
- Samuel Hooker, Isle of Wight

Thanks for your letter. 1. I don't really know, but I suspect that there would be a lot of overdone yummies in that globby tummy of his! 2. Yeah. Lots of 'em, too. To name but a few, there was Agnes Hardcaine, the ghostly teacher, Cruella Moulding, the witchy make-up artist and also Elsie Charleston, the pianogeist. There's plenty more where they came from, too.

3. Not really! A tormented soul can be laid to rest, however, by someone with the know-how.

1. Does Slimer come from the underworld?
 2. I am very interested in animals and would like to know if you have met any animal ghosts?
- Nicholas Murgatroyd, Bradford

1. No, he generally comes from the fridge!
2. Well as a matter of fact we have. Dogs seem to feature quite prominently in the ghost world. There was the werewolf, the unhappy spirit of a dog. Then, there were the hell hounds, and just to balance up the pooches, there was a feline phantom; a kitty out for revenge against dogs!

Why do you keep calling Ray fatty amongst other names? It was his money which you used to set up the business in the first place. Also, if anyone else writes to you about your phone number, tell them to watch the film.

— Lisa Hawkins, Denton

Ray can handle it. He's got a sense of humour y'know! He knows we only say these things in jest. Have you heard some of the things he calls us, anyway?

P.S. Thanks for the tip.

In issue fifty-nine of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS there was a letter from Robert Lucas. Well, guess what. Robert Lucas is my best friend! Anyway, I have seen a ghost and I would like to know what type it was. It looked human and it changed from green to red and back to green again.

— Andrew Scott, Lewes

It sure is a small and strange world, Andy! Without seeing your ghost, it's a bit difficult for me to say what it is. But it sounds like a Class-four specific past-life repeater. So don't be surprised if you see it again. The fact that it had a human form led me to this conclusion.

My sister thinks THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS is boring and she thinks you are an idiot.

What should I do?

— Wayne Leikertas, Barrow

You should educate her, Wayne. Go on, tell her the truth!

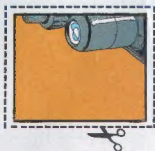
Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

NOT A HOPE IN HELL?



FANTASTIC PRIZES TO BE WON! *Part three*

Welcome to the third part of the great **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** competition! We have a fabulous array of prizes for you to win. All you have to do is cut out the token and attach it to the coupon that appeared in last week's issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**! There will be a final token next week along with the application form. So, don't miss out on this great opportunity to win one of over a hundred ghoulish prizes including: Ghostly make-up kits, Real Ghostbusters books and book/cassette packs, watches, Ghostballs and a **Triang** Ghostbusters Rough Rider. Make sure you keep your coupon safe from lurking nasties, as this is one competition that everyone will want to enter (including Slimer!)



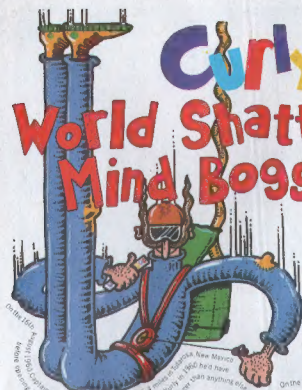
***Final part
next week!***

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